



VOL. VIII.]

Saturday, January 14, 1809.

[NO. 12.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

SOPHRONIMOS.

A GRECIAN TALE.

(Concluded.)

CARITE, in a state bordering on distraction, wished to go to Athens, Corinth, or Thebes, to seek for an artist, who would restore her father to freedom. She first took every means in her power to soften his confinement, and left a confidential slave with him, to administer to his wants. Somewhat tranquillized by these proceedings, she caused a ship to be fitted out for her, loaded it with treasures, and departed on her search.

The three first days of her navigation were very favourable; and it seemed as if the winds had taken her under their protection; but suddenly a tremendous storm arose, and the ship was violently assailed with contrary blasts, which forced the pilot to seek refuge in an unknown creek. They had not long remained stationary, when the storm ceased, the sun returned, and Carite invited by the beau-

ty of the weather, went on shore to refresh herself for a few hours, from the fatigue she had experienced at sea. On landing, she seated herself on the turf, and soon a gentle slumber made her for a moment insensible to her afflictions. She however soon awoke, and perceiving that her slaves were still fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, determined not to disturb them, but ventured to walk alone on the sea shore, and having a wish to explore a part of this uninhabited island, proceeded onwards beyond the rocks that defended it from the intrusion of the waves.

Soon a delightful valley met her view, crossed by two small rivulets, and covered with fruit trees; struck with admiration, Carite stopped awhile to gaze on the beauty of the prospect. Nature was then clothed in the lovely garb of Spring; all the trees were in bloom; their leaves were still dripping from the past storm, and the sun while warming them with its rays, seemed to cover their branches with drops of crystal. The butterflies, rejoicing at the returning beauty of the weather, began to wander from flower to

flower, and legions of bees buzzed about, not yet daring to cull honey for fear of wetting their transparent wings. The nightingale and the linnet, recovering from their terror, made the air re-echo with their notes! while their tender mates, fluttered over the meadows in search of a blade of dried grass, to form their new built nest.

Carite, after having remained some moments gazing on this spectacle, descended into the valley, and crossing the meadow, descried a small hut surrounded with trees, the entrance to which, was hidden from the view by an arbour: she approached, and listened to the murmuring of a stream which meandered at her feet; soon the notes of a lyre mingled with this pleasing sound; she lent an attentive ear to a voice that sang the following words to a plaintive air:

Sad is the memory of pleasures past;
It steals upon the soul, as on the ear,
The mournful voice of Winter's stormy
blast,
When sleep in dust the beauties of
the year.
Gay were the dreams of hope, they
cheer'd awhile
My glowing fancy, my weak heart,
Fleet is the brightest ray of Cupid's
smile,
But everlasting is his smart.

The voice had not concluded, when Carite recognized through the trees the figure of Sophronimos, and instantly fainted. He had also perceived her, he flew

and raised her in his arms, gazed on her, and could not credit his happiness: he bore her to the rivulet, and a few drops of water sprinkled on her lovely face, soon restored her senses. "Are you Carite," exclaimed he, "or a divinity that has assumed her form?" "I am the daughter of Aristos," she mildly replied, "my father is in danger, you alone can save him." "Oh! speak," rejoined Sophronimos in a transport of joy, "say what I am to do, I will gladly expose my life for his and your service."

Carite then related to him the manner in which he might be of essential service to her country, and rescue her father from impending danger. As she proceeded in her request, delight shone in the eyes of our hero. "Cease to fear," said he with dignity, "I have in that hut a statue which I think cannot fail to satisfy your goddess as well as your countrymen: it belongs to you, fair Carite, but I have a request to make, which is that you will not look at it until it is placed in the temple at Miletus."

Aristos's daughter readily consented; Sophronimos related to her how he had alone escaped from the wreck, and that the box containing his tools, had been cast ashore by the waves. He had found in the island water, fruit, and marble. Alone in the hut which he had himself erected, he had de-

voted his time to forming the master piece which was to deliver Aristos. "Come," added he, "and behold the asylum where I have long dwelt with no other companion than your image, which I constantly had before my eyes, and ever cherished in my heart."

Carite followed Sophronimos into his hut; every where she saw her name written; every where her initials were entwined with those of her lover. "Forgive me," said he, "if alone in this place, I dared to trace on the walls of my dwelling, the sentiments of my soul; here I entertained no fear of being banished. These words made the tender Carite's eyes fill with tears: she looked at Sophronimos, and almost pressed the hand which held her. "Ah!" said she, "it was not I"—she did not conclude, but contemplated a statue which covered with a veil, stood on a sort of altar: "let me hasten," continued she, "to join my slaves, that they may bear to the ship that master-piece, which I am only to admire at Miletus; you will return with me; and whatever may be the event, we will no more part."

The overjoyed Sophronimos dared to raise Carite's hand to his lips, and did not meet with a repulse. They were proceeding towards the sea shore, when they were met by the slaves and sailors, who, alarmed at the absence of their mistress, had been seeking for her some time.

Carite ordered them to carry carefully the veiled statue on board their ship; she was obeyed, and Sophronimos bade adieu to his hut, but not without first returning thanks to the Sylvan deities, who had protected him while in that asylum. He placed all his tools on the altar where the statue had stood, and consecrated them to Pan; then respectfully kissing the threshold of the door, "I shall return hither," he exclaimed, "to expire, if I am not permitted to live for Carite." After this farewell, they entered the ship, and steered towards Miletus."

Happily for Carite, who wished Sophronimos to have restored her father to liberty before she acknowledged her affection, their voyage was not tedious; or if it had proved longer, perhaps the sculptor might have been recompensed by her avowal, before he had by his actions deserved it. By the prudence of Carite, and the respect of Sophronimos, aided by prosperous gales, they arrived at Miletus, without having broached the subject.

The name of our hero spread general joy throughout the city. The people, by whom he was beloved, assembled, and decided that the statue had no need of being examined previous to its experiencing the trial on the altar of Venus. All the inhabitants repaired to the temple, and as soon as it was crowded, Carite with fault-

ing steps followed her lover, who advanced, bearing in his arms the statue, covered with a veil. On his arrival, he placed it on the altar, with a modest, though confident air. The statue remained stationary. He uncovered it, and immediately all the spectators recognized the features of Carite. It was she, it was his beloved maiden, whom the sculptor had chosen for the model of his Venus! The portrait of Carite was so indelibly engraven in his heart, that far from her, in his desert island, he had been able to dispense with the original; and in making the resemblance, he had fulfilled the condition of the Oracle, who exacted a statue as handsome as Venus.

The goddess, satisfied, and void of jealousy, accepted the offering, and manifested her approbation by the mouth of her high priest, and thus the oracle was accomplished. The people, uttering acclamations of joy, now surrounded Sophronimos, and entreated him to choose his recompence. "Restore Aristos to liberty," replied he, "and I shall consider myself amply repaid." All immediately fled to the prison of the old man; but Carite was desirous of being the first to break her father's chains. She embraced him, told him of her happiness, and blushing, bent her eyes on the ground whenever pronouncing the name of Sophronimos. Aristos, his breast filled with gratitude, asked for his libe-

rator, threw himself into his arms, and while tears fell on his furrowed cheek, exclaimed, "My friend, I have been very guilty towards you, but Carite shall repair my crime." After having said these words, he joined the lovers' hands amidst universal acclamations of joy; all appeared to share their happiness, while our hero and heroine returned to the temple, and swore to each other eternal fidelity, at the foot of that statue, which so truly exemplified the beauty of Carite, and the love of Sophronimos.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

ON WIT.

I HAVE no objections, says that excellent moralist, Mr. Addison, to a joke, "provided it be a joke." This is a circumstance, which, I am afraid, many wits pay very little attention to, and hence they often lose a friend, when they think they only utter a good thing.

There is no subject in which men differ from each other so widely, as that of a joke, a good thing, or a smart touch. The wit of one place is the vulgarity of another; and, in many cases, you must find your company understanding, as well as good humour. I have never found a just standard of taste laid down, with respect to

wit. Every station in life has its peculiar likings. Men of learning have a wit peculiar to themselves, and ignorant men are pleased with what is disgusting to men of knowledge. A dunce thinks all wit unprofitable, because he cannot understand it; and a genius often finds it unprofitable, because he is not enabled to communicate that quickness of apprehension, which served him to form a witty saying, or allusion.

Having seen many varieties of disposition, and many unsuccessful wits, I flatter myself that I can offer a few hints, which may not be unserviceable to professed wits. In a short paper like this, I can give hints only. Long dissertations or collections of trite opinions, come not within the plan of a column of a weekly paper.

In the first place, when I mention wit, I mean it in general, and shall not confine myself to this or that species.

Wit, then, is intimately connected with morality. The inference from this position, if I am allowed to hold it, is, that obscenity and blasphemy are not wit. If there are any men who do not allow my position, I must beg their kind indulgence, and that they will allow a conceited fellow to retain an opinion, with which he was very early impressed, and which he has found it his interest and happiness to retain.

A stroke of wit—a good joke—a good thing—a smart stroke—a nice one—a devilish 'cute thing—a bon-mot—a jest, &c. are different names for an expression or allusion, which pleases the imagination, and is immediately assented to by the judgment and experience. This definition of wit, I would humbly lay down, and with the same conditions, as I did my former position. By these two criteria, let us try to find out the merit of some *good things*, which are, and have been applauded.

Driving a blind horse into a china and glass shop, is not wit, because it makes no pleasing impression on the persons to whom it is addressed. Even the spectators are afraid to laugh, lest the enraged shopman should break their heads; and if this trick, which has been esteemed a *devilish good thing*, should be attended with the death of a child, who may happen to be trod upon by the horse, I beg to know where the wit lies?

Pulling a chair from under a person, at the moment he is about to sit down, has likewise been thought a *high stroke*. But let us see what effects it produces. The man falls—the company laughs—but owing to their ignorance; for their laughter is turned into sorrow, if not indignation, when they find that the person, by his fall, has received a contusion in the back of his head, and is senseless, and recovers with great difficulty.

This case I have been a witness to. But what says the sufferer himself, or what says he, whose wit has proved so dangerous? I believe there are few who know what a cracked skull, or a bruised body are, that do not agree with me in expelling this species of wit from the catalogue.

Stealing a blind man's dog, has been mentioned as *vastly funny and monstrous clever*—but for funny I read wicked, and for clever, I read cruel.

In the year 1745, one of the rebels in Edinburgh, went boldly near to the castle, which was then in possession of the king's troops, while the rest of the town was in possession of the rebels; and lifting up his highland petticoats, presented a very insulting part of the body to the soldiers in the castle. This was reckoned a *monstrous good joke*, he was applauded by his fellows with repeated shouts—but mark the sequel—an engineer on the half-moon battery, took aim with a four pounder, and hit him, so as to shatter his witty body to pieces. The goodness of the jest now vanished, since it produced a *repartee* so severe.

In a company in which I happened to be some years since, a young gentleman who had diverted the company with many very witty feats and sayings, at last, by way of a *capital stroke*, threw a quart bottle, just emptied of the wine, at my head. The conse-

quence was, my being carried home speechless. When I recovered, I could not help expressing some little displeasure at the poignancy of the jest but the gentleman took this in deep dudgeon, and remarked, that "some people like nobody's wit but their own." For the life of me, however, I cannot find out the wit of this bottle affair, even although I hazarded that life, in order to try it.

Some time ago, in a celebrated university town in Scotland, a company of young bucks instituted a society of a very peculiar nature. They met every second night, got drunk, and sallied forth into the streets, seized upon every lady they could meet (for in country towns the ladies go home after dark without the protection of gentlemen) and inflicted corporeal chastisement. This practice they continued for a considerable time, until the mischief became of a height so great as to require the interference of the civil magistrate. There was not one lady in twenty, who had been visited by them, that was able to walk about after this *good joke*, and it was not judged safe to go from house to house, unless guarded. At length an end was put to this society, and from that time to this, nobody has been able to find out the *wit* of the jest.

This gymnastic kind of wit, of which some are so fond, being, therefore, destitute of the neces-

sary pretensions and principles, will, it is hoped, fall into a merited contempt ; and it is recommended to those who wish to excite merriment, to have recourse to such means only as are harmless, and of which even the party who may be devoted to its exercise, will not complain ; for if either a mental or corporeal uneasiness follow, in my judgment, the jest is a bad one, and the sufferer, as well as the spectators, will be apt to decide upon it as the result either of ignorance, ill nature, or a savage and uncultivated disposition.

WITS there are in every town,
One at least to every clown ;
Wits that pun, and wits that bite,
Wits who read, and wits who write.
Wits who walk, and wits who dance,

Wits who ride, and wits who prance ;

Wits that sing, and wits that joke,
Wits that snuff, and wits that smoke :

Every one for fame contending,
Something every one pretending !

Punning, biting,
Reading, writing,
Walking, dancing,
Riding, prancing,
Singing, joking,
Snuffing, smoking.

Every one for fame or pelf,
Puffing up his own dear self.

Tickler.

He, whom no losses impoverish,
is truly rich.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE ;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Advantages of Beauty.—Its power among the Greeks.—Prizes that were decreed it.—Beauty accompanies Health and Virtue.

WE have just seen that what is beautiful is, in its nature, good. It is undoubtedly to this most eloquent expression of invisible perfections, that we ought to ascribe that irresistible empire which beauty has possessed over men in every country, and in every age.

Beauty and the graces, said an ancient philosopher, are more favourable than the best recommendations. Among the maxims of Persia, we find one to this effect : " A little beauty is of more value than great wealth." The same sentiment is expressed in this Chinese sentence : " The more a father loves his son, the better he instructs him ; the more a mother loves her daughter, the better she dresses her."*

* The Chinese have a great number of very short, but very expressive maxims, among which I noticed the following : " The tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty."—A proof that the Chinese are not barbarians, since they have so many points of resemblance to civilized nations.

But it was in Greece that beauty enjoyed its most complete triumph. In no other country did it receive such enthusiasm.—Accordingly what pains were taken by the inhabitants of that favoured climate to preserve that precious gift? They paid attention to the beauty of children even before they were born, and among them originated the art of improving the human species, the art of producing handsome children. To such a length did they carry their researches, that they even endeavoured to discover the means of changing blue eyes into black ones.

A beautiful woman, in that fortunate country was a goddess. Men, the most distinguished for their talents, their virtues, or their rank, the most illustrious warriors, and the most learned philosophers, nay, even kings themselves, were subject to the empire of beauty. Observe *Lais* receiving the homage of the most celebrated captains of her time; *Rhodope* becoming the wife of *Psammeticus*, King of Egypt; *Lamia* giving *Demetrius* a magnificent entertainment, for which she levied contributions on the city of Athens; *Aspasia* conquering *Socrates*, inflaming *Alcibiades*, and subduing *Pericles*, who made her his wife. What shall I say more.

Phryne, being summoned before the Judges, was on the point of losing her cause, notwithstanding

the eloquence of her advocate. She advanced towards the Judges, threw open her robe, and the sight of her charms made a stronger impression than all the talents of the orator.

Such was the empire of beauty, to which were even paid honours almost divine. In several cities were instituted public festivals, in which the prize of beauty was disputed. At *Tenedos*, the island where, as we are told, *Paris* landed after the rape of *Helen*, judges were appointed to decide on the beauty of the women—prizes were awarded to the most beautiful.—“This emulation,” says the author of the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique*, “might be forgiven in women; but it is very strange that men should likewise have been competitors for a prize of the same kind.” These writers prove, by this reflection, that they were strangers to the moral end of this institution. What was the intention of the Greeks in crowning the handsomest man? It was to crown the man, the beauty of whose features announced a noble and generous soul; the man whose happy physiognomy indicated all the virtues of his sex; the man whose exterior beauty announced the combination of physical and moral excellencies; the man who could be pronounced virtuous and strong—virtuous, he will love his country—strong, he will be able to defend it.

Such was the man whom the

Greeks crowned, and not some indolent Narcissus, as the authors of the Encyclopaedia would insinuate. Accordingly, the prize which the victor received, consisted of arms, which he hung up in the temple of Minerva—the prize of beauty was offered to wisdom.

This sentiment of the Greeks was deeply felt and justly appreciated by a modern writer. "To admire the outside of a man, says he, the Greeks required that it should exhibit the signs of a perfect physical constitution, of health, strength, address, and agility; that it should display the marks of wisdom, without which, the corporeal strength of man would not contribute towards his own advantage, and at the same time, those of goodness, without which his strength would be detrimental to others; they required that it should exhibit, in short, those appearances of health, of power, physical and moral, of gentle and humane dispositions, which render the figure of a man pleasing to the eye; and so pleasing, that you are never tired of looking at him. He alone was handsome, in whom they discovered the signs of a virtuous mind in a vigorous body; he alone was handsome, in whom the perfections of the soul corresponded with that of the body."

Let us then admit with the ancients, that beauty is not a quality purely material, and depending

solely on certain mechanical dispositions; it is the expression of health, of goodness, of virtue. Yes, beauty is the companion of health; who is there but knows what a change is made by a single day's illness in the most beautiful face? Beauty disappears when the functions are deranged; the handsomest woman ceases to be handsome when she is ill; and if she becomes so interesting when she is in a state of convalescence, if she appears at such a time still more charming perhaps, than when she is in perfect health, it is in consequence of that ineffable expression of pleasure and happiness imprinted by nature on every creature returning from a state of suffering to a state of ease, and recovering the possession of all its faculties.

So intimate is the connexion between health and beauty, that we might even pronounce beauty to be the most certain indication of health; and some physicians have remarked, that the health of beautiful persons is less liable to be impaired, and that when they are attacked by disease, nature has resources more numerous and complete, and the crisis terminates more fortunately than with other people.

Vice, like disease, is destructive to beauty; but we shall have occasion to return to this subject, when we treat of the influence of the passions on beauty. We shall then find that, all things else be-

ing equal, the most virtuous woman must be the most beautiful; in the same manner as a beautiful woman must be more amiable, if she is exempt from the baneful influence of a multitude of foreign circumstances which entirely spoil the best temper, and corrupt the most excellent disposition.

I could bring a great number of other considerations in support, of the sentiment which I have adduced, relative to the nature of beauty, but they would be too serious for this work.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
.....

QUIZZER.

THERE is a species of animal, found sometimes in the region of good company—whose rank in the scale of animated nature has not yet been settled by any naturalist, with whose labours we are acquainted. Whether it is, that this creature was once so rare as to elude observation, or so insignificant as not to merit it, I know not; it has, however, been overlooked, both by the laborious Linnæus, and the acute Buffon; and even in “these enlightened times,” al-

though the number is greatly augmented, it still remains a non-descript. Its near affinity to the human race (having every property of that class of beings called “primates,” except the understanding) renders it an object of extreme curiosity. The vulgar name of this animal is “Quizzer.” An analysis of its qualities may possibly suggest to the learned a more appropriate title.

A Quizzer: a creature resembling a man, who, without possessing either wit or learning, is constantly employed in endeavouring to turn others into ridicule by an insolent affectation of both. This thing is found among fashionable airy youngsters, as well as among the more ponderous fraternity of grave hoaxers, who have “more money than wit,” and more impudence than either. It plumes itself upon birth, fortune, or connexions; and endeavours to make up by noise, turbulence, grimace, and privileged contradiction; what it wants in real knowledge and solid understanding. Its language is sometimes more entertaining than that of a parrot; though not always equally intelligible: for instance, it is very difficult to determine, whether by these sounds “*Ecod, demme, e be-demm'd,*” (which constitute a considerable part of its discourse) it would express want, reproof, admiration, &c. And yet these are the only noises it makes with apparent ease; for in every attempt at a connected

series of discourse, there seems to be an indispensable co-operation of convulsive motions of the head, hands, and sometimes the whole body. We do not mean a gesticulation either graceful or analogous to the sentiments expressed; but something unknown even to Demosthenes, and resembling the preparation which a cock makes before he crows, or the winds which a coachman gives to his whip before he cracks it! But in detailing the tricks of the Quizzer, comparison fails me; and those who want more particular information, must look at the subject; which they may always discover by the general outline with which we have furnished them.

MORE MISERIES.

By Julia Francesca.

Being asked to sing in company, and after various excuses, proposing that Miss so and so should set the example, which she instantly complies with, squalling out the very song you had intended for yourself.

Listening to a vile reader, who, taking up a newspaper, informs you that on such a day a Volunteer Corpse was reviewed, and afterwards adjourned to the Kurnel's to dine, where they were regaled with am and chickens, and port vine and hale.

Receiving a female acquaint-

ance, after a long period, in which you had heard no news of her family, then asking with great glee after dear little Tommy, and being informed that the sweet baby is in heaven.

Intending to write a letter in your very best style, with a crow-quill, on superfine hot-pressed vellum! arrived with great success towards the conclusion, when unfortunately taking your pen too full of ink, you make a large blot, to the utter destruction of your efforts!

Having an unconquerable aversion to the smell of Tobacco, and walking up Broadway with the wind in your face, continually preceded by segar-smokers.

Composing some (*soi disant*) elegant poetry, and having all your bright ideas put to flight by the intrusion of two female scandal-mongers, who make you a *friendly* visit.

The alarm of fire in a cold winter's night, opening your window to ascertain the distance, you ask a passenger, who humanely answers "Ax about!"

Having a partner at a ball who has no ear, and being constantly deficient in time.

Making grimaces at a musty old bachelor, in company, for the diversion of some waggish friend, not observing that he sits opposite to a large pier glass!

Missing your pocket handkerchief, at the most moving part of a deep tragedy.

A short Anecdote on the latter misery.

On the abolition of pockets in London, three tender-hearted fair ones went to the representation of Romeo and Juliet; the sorrows of the youthful Capulet, drew such plentiful showers down the cheeks of her fair auditors, who unfortunately had but one cambric among them; that it soon was completely deluged; one of the young ladies, to add to the misfortune, had on a pair of purple kid gloves, the fingers of which she frequently applied to her pale cheeks, which were so curiously striped in all directions, that she pretty nearly resembled a Cherokee Chief, to the great diversion of some laughing bucks of fashion in the next box.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, thou capricious, whimsical goddess, when wilt thou have done playing with my credulity? True it is I never had the pleasure of a very intimate acquaintance with thee, but thou hast often condescended to give me a distant glance of thy fair form, and as often eluded a nearer acquaintance. But what is wealth? Is it not a bubble that appears only to disappear? Not so, says the wealthy man, it is the only good I know,

the only object I pursue—it covers all my faults—without it I might walk the streets and not be regarded by the gaping multitudes. Oh, Fortune! Thou more than friend, thou art to me my *fatum bonum*; as I pass the streets, the obedient hat rises to welcome my approach, the hand is stretched out to receive me, the doors of the wealthy fly open to my approach, and all nature smiles around; but for thee, my wealth, I might pass unnoticed and unknown; the world might call me *fool*, *knave*, or *rascal*, but thou art a cloak that screens me from all these epithets, nay more, thou makest of me a clever fellow, though nature never intended I should be.

From a Litchfield paper.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

The following circumstance took place in Bethlem, in this county.

In the month of January, 1778, a gentleman by the name of Beach, had a pair of silver shoe buckles, valued at one dollar, stolen from him; although a strict enquiry was made at the time, no information was obtained respecting them. A few mornings since, one of the family of the gentleman to whom the buckles belonged, found an anonymous letter upon a bush, near the house from which they had been taken about thirty one years since, directed to a Mr. Bird, (the supposed name of the owner of the buckles) which, after reminding him of the theft, together

with several attending circumstances, concluded by assuring him of the penitence of the writer, and requesting him to accept of four times the value of the buckles, as a small compensation for the wrong done him; in the letter was enclosed four dollars. A remarkable instance of the power of conscience, which, after a lapse of thirty years, can compel the guilty to search for, and recompence the person whom he had wronged.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF LADIES

In Chatham street.

1. To rush out, omitting the last letter—and three fourths of this or that only.

2. Three fourths of a fragrant plant—and to move, changing a letter.

3. The name of a planet, and a soft substance.

4. An insect.

5. A small fruit, changing a letter—and two thirds of an industrious insect.

6. Three fourths of a title of honour—a vowel—and a greasy substance.

G. S.

A solution is requested.

A FOP being ridiculed for his ignorance in reading, excused himself, by declaring that he was born left-handed!

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Romeyn, Capt. Thomas Anderson, of the ship *Flora*, to Miss Sarah Watson, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. at Elizabethtown, by the rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Henry K. Helmbold, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Insley, of the former place.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Maltzer, Mr. Peter Leman, to Miss Lydia Asten.

On Thursday evening, the 5th inst. at Jamaica, Long-Island, Mr. Jacob Hegeman, of Newtown, to Miss Elinor Duryea, of the same place.

On Thursday, the 29th ult. by the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. John Kerr, to Miss Lenah L. Roome, of Greenwich.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Schermerhorn, wife of Peter Schermerhorn, Esq. aged 56 years.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Timothy Hurst.

Our City Inspector reports the death of 132 persons, during three weeks, ending on Saturday last.



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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

Could I pluck but a quill from the
pinion of Love,
And dip but the point in fair Hel-
icon's stream !
What grace and what sweetness my
days then should prove,
What strength and what energy
dwell in my theme !

The muse who so pensive of late, by a
smile
Should reward all my efforts and list

But faint are the numbers, and weak
are the lays,
And feeble my efforts to pour forth
the strain
That swells my fond breast in sweet
Gratitude's praise,
For friendship and love that's restor'd
once again.

Oh friends of my soul ! could ye read
in this breast
The respect, the affection, the joy
that I feel,

Your attentions that soothes all my sor-
rows to rest,
That softens each care, and affliction
doth heal

And blest be the day that restor'd to my
love,
A heart in which honor and truth
doth combine ;
And grant me ye pow'rs that it never
may rove,
But exchange ev'ry transport that
animates me

May the Year thus began with such
blessings to me,
Expand with each bliss to the friends
of my heart ;
May prosperity, health, love, and
friendship agree,
To unite their rich treasures, nor ever
depart.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

January 1, 1809.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

INVOCATION TO SNOW.

Come thou white rob'd flakey fall—
Feathering Snow on thee I call ;
Full three feet deep, then freeze and lay,
And let us hear the tinkling Sleigh,
Crouded close with lads and lasses,
Which all other rides surpasses :
Laughing gaily as they go,
Pelted oft with balls of Snow !
Hail invigorating weather,
That hustles ye so close together,
Racing out of town to dine,
Quaffing draughts of hot mull'd wine ;
Then when the Moon doth lend her
light,
Drive feezing home full speed at night
Dress for the ball, where beauty's
flame

Completely thaws your icy frame ;
 And while the cold keeps others shak-
 ing,
 Love's scorching blaze still keeps you
 waking ;
 And though its power so fierce shall
 rule ye,
 The sleigh next morn again shall cool
 ye.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

The following elegant little Ballad is
 copied from a new and very interesting
 work of the celebrated M. G. LEWIS,
 entitled ROMANTIC TALES ; just pub-
 lished by M. & W. WARD, booksel-
 lers of this City.

THE DYING BRIDE.

—"Speed, speed, my courser!"—
 Albert said,

And swiftly onward hied ;
 He went to see his lovely maid,
 And claim her for his bride.

Now to the castle-gate he came ;
 Now entered he the hall :
 And there he saw an ancient dame,
 Who many a tear let fall.

—"Good morn, good evening, Dame,"
 he said,
 The matron when he spied ;

"Where shall I find my lovely maid?
 Why tarries my sweet bride?"—

—"Oh ! she is on her death-bed laid,"
 That ancient Dame replied ;
 "Go love, Sir Knight, some other
 maid,
 And chuse some other bride,

"Oh ! she is sick at heart, at heart !
 Is sick, and like to die !
 And in the gloom of yonder room
 Expiring doth she lie!"—

The warrior went with steps of woe,
 Nor dared a word to speak,
 While oft a silent tear would flow
 Adown his sun-burnt cheek :

Yet strove he, when he reached her
 door ;

His tears concealed to keep,
 For well he knew, his lady sore
 Would grieve to see him weep.

He entered, and he softly said,
 (And while he said, he sighed,)
 —"Are you not better, gentle maid ?
 Not better, my sweet bride ?"

—"Oh ! never shall I better be !
 No more your bride am I :
 An hour, and you my grave shall see,
 A moment, and I die !

"This heart so fond must beat no more,
 These eyes no more must shine ;
 Nor long wilt thou her loss deplore,
 Whose love so long was thine.

"By *this* door will they bear me out,
 By *that* will guests come in ;
 And soon forgetting me no doubt,
 A second bride you'll win.

"The self-same bells, which mourn my
 doom,
 Shall hail your marriage-morn ;
 The self-same flowers, which deck my
 tomb,
 Your bride maids shall adorn :

"And on your couch of damask laid,
 Close by your new love's side,
 No more you'll think on *me*, poor maid !
 You'll kiss your second bride!"—

She said ; his hand she fondly wrung,
 While painful came her breath ;
 —"Adieu !" still faltered on her
 tongue,
 But sank, unsaid, in death.

The trembling Knight, her lips he
 prest ;
 Cold were those lips so sweet !

The trembling Knight, he touched her
breast ;

Her heart had ceased to beat !

—“ And did he see that fair cheek fade,
Which roses lately dyed,
And *did* he love another maid
And chuse another bride ? ” —

No, Lady, no ! Death's gathering
mist

Obscured his failing eyes ;

The beauty's lips once more he kissed,
Then sank, no more to rise :

Close to her cheek his cheek he laid,
And murmured, as he died,

—“ See, love ! I loved no other maid,
And chose no other bride ! ” —

(*By desire.*)

To Mr. Thomas R. Welsh,
On the Death of his Wife.

Oft when bright Sol, in fullest splendor
crown'd,

Rises majestic from his wat'ry bed,
Darts his invigorating rays around,
Enlivens man, and cheers the flow'ry
mead :

Oft when the morning fondly smiles,
and we

Look for a day unclouded and serene,
Yet long ere noon the cheering prospects
flee,

And darksome clouds and Tempest in-
tervene.

But soon a cloud of disappointments
spread

O'er all thy hopes, a gloomy veil ;
In early youth thy bosom's partner dead,
And you in youth her early fate bewail.

Tho' the affliction keen, the wound
severe,

Yet know th' afflictive hand is his, whose
love

Surpasses ev'ry fond affection here,
The admiration of the saints above.

Learn that man's hopes of happiness
below,

Are vain and fleeting as the morning
dew ;

Tho' fair his dawn, his evening oft is
woe,

His days are fleeting, and his joys are
few.

May the dear children,* pledge of faith-
ful love,

Be long a comfort and in peace survive ;
A lovely image of the mother prove,
And in a father's fond affections live.

May resignation, such as she exprest,
E'en in those moments of exquisite
pain,

Calm the keen anguish of your troubled
breast,

Nor let your deep afflicted soul complain.

His the just parent who corrects his son,
The god of love, eternally the same ;
Then say—thy righteous will be done,
Forever blessed be thy holy name.

EDWIN.

* She has left two small children.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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